

# THE MONROE JOURNAL

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MONROE, N. C., TUESDAY, MARCH 12, 1912.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

## WHERE B' ARE CUT OFF.

Utter **Ro-** **Co. -** **Car-**  
y Exists in China—  
Bands Terrorize the  
Co. —Rev. Mr. Stevens Tells  
the Journal Readers about the  
Carnage.  
Rev. George P. Stevens of Mon-  
roe, a Presbyterian Missionary at  
Hsuehoufu, China, writes The Jour-  
nal from that place under date of  
January 27th as follows:

We have been passing through  
stirring times here in China. You  
have no doubt read a great deal in  
the papers about the revolution  
that is now going on over the whole  
empire. The telegraph reports give  
accounts of the great events, so I  
shall not attempt anything more  
than to tell something about things  
in our part of the country.

Reports of the hostilities in the  
south and the west had been reach-  
ing us for some time, but there was  
no trouble at Hsuehoufu. So six  
of the Chinese Christians started with  
me to Suchien, ninety miles to the  
southeast, en route for presbytery.  
When we were within two miles of  
Suchien, sailing calmly down the  
canal, our boatman suddenly stopped,  
saying, "the revolution has ar-  
rived". On looking out we saw all  
the boats in the canal coming pell-  
mell up the canal, meeting us and  
making for a small side canal for  
safety. One of these boatmen had  
yielded to our noble captain, so we  
had to join the fleeing possession.  
They said the soldiers were coming  
and soon we heard the shooting. I  
did not believe that anything was  
going on. So I tried the boat to go  
on. It was nearly night and we  
had been out in the weeks, and we  
just lacked a little bit of being there  
but no sir, he was afraid his boat  
would be shot to pieces. Finally,  
two of the men got off with me and  
we started on foot into town.

After going about a mile we came  
to a village, and a whole crowd at  
once gathered around us. The eld-  
er of the village came up and lead  
us to a temple not far away. A  
Buddhist priest was in charge and  
received us very kindly. The elder  
then told us it would not do at all  
for us to try to go into the town,  
as there was robbing and burning  
and the gates would certainly be  
closed. Neither would he let us go  
back to the boat where our bedding  
and food were, so we staid in the  
temple that night. I slept in the  
priest's bed, or rather his couch,  
with my clothes on, and very peace-  
fully, too. Next morning we rose  
early and went into Suchien with-  
out any difficulty. There had been  
fighting in the night but the sol-  
diers had gone by this time.

During my stay in Suchien these  
same soldiers come back to attack  
the place. Some of the leaders of  
this robber band had made ar-  
rangements with the local soldiers  
inside the city to turn the city over  
to them on their arrival, but in the  
meantime the city fathers promised  
the native soldiers more money than  
they thought they would get by  
plundering, or at least they agreed  
to reward the soldiers in some way.  
So on the arrival of the force of rob-  
bers a stout defense was put up.  
For nearly a week there was con-  
stant fighting. It was plainly visible  
from our house, and the bullets of-  
ten whizzed uncomfortably near, and  
several nights the missionaries slept  
with clothes on, ready to run at a  
moment's notice, for no one knew  
when the city would fall. The fall  
meant plundering all the houses of  
those who had anything, just as the  
same soldiers had done at Tsing-  
Kiang a few weeks before. At that  
time several thousand of them had  
broken camp and gone through the  
city plundering stores and houses—  
everything worth taking. Whole  
crowds of the poor people joined in  
with them.

Nine of the Suchien soldiers were  
killed, but the robbers were repul-  
sed. For days the city gates were  
closed, save a small passage way  
through one of them. Our work be-  
ing finished there, we wanted to get  
away, but the country was full of  
robbers.

Finally it was decided that we  
should start, so a boat was hired,  
and with a good wind, a good day's  
journey was made. The plan was  
to go by land after a day's boat trip  
but the country through which we  
had to pass had an uprising of rob-  
bers, and we were warned not to  
try the land. Rain, cold and wind,  
so that about ten miles was all that  
was made in three days. On com-  
ing to the mouth of the small canal  
which is the short long way home,  
we were met by a bevy of boats  
rushing like mad from a robber band  
two or three hundred strong armed  
with splendid western rifles. This  
according to their reports. Some  
of the boats had been literally strip-  
ped of everything.

It was reported also that the  
camp of soldiers in a town along the  
section had fled and that the whole  
way was in a lawless state. The  
major had made tracks, as is com-  
mon out here in times of trouble  
and left the town to the tender mer-  
cies of the lawless element. When  
we heard this nothing was left for  
us to do but to go on north by the  
grand canal until we reached the  
railroad. This we did reaching home  
after ten days. Usually it takes  
three days by land.

On reaching Hsuehoufu we found  
everybody in the confusion of excite-  
ment. The officials had nearly all  
resigned. People from the country  
were pouring into the city for pro-  
tection, bringing loads of all kinds  
of produce for safe keeping.  
The air was full of rumors. The  
robbers were coming. The Sunday  
before a report was spread that a  
wealthy family here had secreted

valuables in the missionary com-  
pound and a day was set to come  
and rob. All of the missionaries  
were rather disconcerted by this  
talk. Preparations were made for  
hasty flight by the back gate in case  
anything happened. It returned  
up most of the night. It turned  
out to be a false alarm.

Now the rebels from the south  
were daily expected, most of the  
city was ready to go over on their  
arrival. White flags, the sign of  
the new party in China, the republi-  
can party, were all prepared, stuck  
under the bed ready to be pulled  
out at a moment's warning. Just at  
this time Nanking fell into the  
hands of the rebels and General  
Chang, commander of the imperi-  
alist forces there, retraced on the Tien-  
tsin, Peking toward the north.  
This road runs by Hsuehoufu.  
Chang and his army reached here  
after three days on the road, re-  
treating and fighting as they came.  
We were awakened in the middle  
of the night by our gatekeeper  
who said that the rebels had ar-  
rived. Two of us went out to the de-  
pot and found not rebels but sev-  
eral thousand of General Chan's flee-  
ing army who had had nothing to  
eat in three days. They demanded  
that the city supply them with food  
at once, so the city fathers proceed-  
ed to send it out by barrow and oth-  
erwise even at that midnight hour.  
Why? They were afraid not too far  
from the general has a great reputation  
for taking off people's heads when  
they don't do what he orders.

Now from that time until this  
present moment he has been sitting  
right here at Hsuehoufu with his  
army. And the city has never had  
an opportunity to show its white  
flags. Thus we have enjoyed the  
protection of the strong hand of the  
government. It is a great thing to  
be willing to follow whichever side  
wins for one's own good. Natural-  
ly the Chinese conviction is very  
close to this line of safety.

This has given us protection in  
the city—that is, one of General  
Chan's officers has been placed  
here as military governor. He also  
knows the art of taking off heads.  
This is the general's strong point in  
controlling the army. This city has  
probably never seen so many execu-  
tions. Three of our police whom we  
knew personally have had their  
heads whacked off for general  
meanness. For several weeks two  
and three passed to execution each  
day; often more; frequently six and  
one day seven.

The execution ground is just out-  
side of the west gate not more than  
a stone's throw from our abiding  
place. The procession has to pass  
our front gate. The condemned man  
kneels. A large heavy knife some-  
thing like a mowing scythe whiffed  
by one man does the work. One  
blow is sufficient. Ordinarily the  
body is immediately buried but in  
times like this it is left naked and  
headless for the dogs to eat. This is  
to terrify the hard hearted. If the  
robber is from the country the body  
is cast in the market place where  
the country people coming in may  
take notice.

In spite of this the country is full  
of robbers now. There are two  
kinds: the large and the small. The  
former are well armed and ride good  
horses. They run in bands of two  
or three hundred. No one without  
a gun need try to enter. They travel  
in broad open daylight in utter  
defiance of all law. Only the wealth-  
y need fear them for they haven't  
time to waste on ordinary plunder.  
They ride up to a man's house and  
demand all his money. If it is not  
forthcoming his people are killed  
and his houses burned. Oftentimes  
a whole town is terrified and plun-  
dered.

The small fellows go with sticks,  
knives, old guns and anything else  
they can lay their hands on. They  
swoop down on their neighbors at  
night at the unexpected hour. They  
take grain and cattle and every-  
thing in sight. The clothes are  
taken off a man's back. Today one  
of the Christians from the country  
tells of such robbery in his village.  
A dead man was stripped of his  
clothes after everything else had  
been taken.

Nearly every day some one tells  
a story like this. There is absolute-  
ly nothing to do. A crowd gets to-  
gether and sends a man word that  
they want to borrow five hundred  
dollars. He in turns appoints a  
middleman to see them and get the  
figures reduced a bit. After talk-  
ing backwards and forwards a few  
days they finally agree on one hun-  
dred. They are polite in their rob-  
bery. Often, for instance, after  
borrowing all the clothes off a man's  
back they thank him and say I have  
troubled you.

Recently the official in charge  
has had to give an order for the  
buying and selling of hides for all  
the cattle in the country are being  
stolen and sold for their hides. Don-  
keys also come in this class. On  
walking through the streets recent-  
ly I noticed hundreds of these skins.  
Have never seen the like before and  
did not understand until some one  
told me the above.

When will law and order be re-  
stored? Who knows? We hear  
now that the Manchus are preparing  
to abdicate but it does not seem to  
come to pass. Two red cross soci-  
eties are here now. There was some  
fighting fifty miles south yesterday.  
Twenty-five came into the hospital.  
Today we are told that Peking has  
ordered general Chang to stop fight-  
ing and talk peace. He says he is  
going to fight for the government  
as long as it holds out, and when  
the government surrenders, if it  
does, he is going to be emperor  
himself.

We will have to wait and see.  
GEORGE P. STEVENS.

## MURDERED WHILE ASLEEP.

Gus Alsbrooks Savagely Assassinated  
on His Own Hearth—Same  
Load of Shot Nearly Killed Boy.  
Arrest and Investigation by Cor-  
oner.

Gus Alsbrooks, colored, was shot  
to death last Friday night while sit-  
ting before the fire in his house  
some three miles above town. The  
eye and brains of the man were  
shot out, and part of the same load  
of shot went into the side of his  
small son who was standing behind  
him, and for some time he was ex-  
pected to die. The assassin poked  
his gun right up to the little win-  
dow near the chimney in the cabin  
and within a few feet of the head  
of the victim, and fired with dead-  
ly savagery. Nothing more savage  
and cold blooded has happened in  
this section in many years. Part  
of the dead man's brains dropped out  
on his breast.

Sam Thompson, and his son, Ernest  
Thompson, and Erwin Walker,  
all near neighbors of the deceased,  
are in jail, the two former under  
very strong suspicion. All of them  
had been at outs with the deceased.  
And the multiplication of threats,  
and other evidence against the eld-  
er Thompson, make it certain that  
he will be tried in the Superior  
court. Three weeks ago Gus Als-  
brooks, the murdered man, came to  
town with the buck of his head filled  
with shot, and swore out a war-  
rant against Ernest Thompson, say-  
ing that he had seen this boy shoot him  
from behind a tree on the road. The  
case was set for trial this week.  
Sam, Ernest's father, has been in-  
teresting himself in trying to get  
Gus to withdraw the warrant, and  
regarding this is where his threats  
lie.

Last week the wife of the dead  
man lost her mind and was sent to  
the asylum for the colored people at  
Aidsboro. On the night that  
Gus came home so terrible an end,  
he was at home with his children,  
the boy who was shot, a younger one,  
and a daughter. The wounded boy  
says that his father had held fully  
prayers, and afterwards pulled off  
his shoes, and leaning back in a  
large rocking chair, basking his  
feet before the fire naturally fell  
asleep. The others went to bed.  
This was early in the night, prob-  
ably between eight and nine o'clock.  
The boy says that he and his brother  
were sleeping in the little back  
room, and that pretty soon he was  
aroused by the loud barking of the  
dogs. It was so furious that he  
thought they were following a calf  
around the house, and he got up  
and went to arouse his father. The  
man was snoring with his head  
thrown back and didn't wake easily.  
Just then the gun fired. Gus never  
moved, and the body sat there in  
the chair till the coroner arrived  
the next afternoon.

When the gun fired the larger  
boy woke up, picked up his wound-  
ed brother, and placed him on the  
bed, ran out and caught the mule  
and began screaming murder, as he  
went for help. After alarming the  
neighborhood, he came to town and  
very soon Deputy Sheriff J. V. Griff-  
ith was on the scene, and remain-  
ed all night. Constable Fowler al-  
so got there soon and has been busy  
coroner Saturday, being held up by  
the bad roads, and summoned a jury.  
They went to work, holding  
sessions and examining every possi-  
ble witness Saturday and Monday,  
on the ground. Today they are at  
work in the grand jury room in the  
court house, but at this writing they  
have not completed their investi-  
gation. The jury is composed of the  
following: T. R. Foard, L. G.  
Helms, J. C. Winchester, W. H. D.  
Stewart, J. H. Myers, Jr. Cook.  
It is certain that they will hold  
the two Thompsons, if not Walker.  
The body of the deceased was pur-  
sued Sunday.

## Financial Statement

By the vice president of the Wo-  
man's Missionary Societies of the  
Union Association for the quarter  
ending February 28th, 1912.

W. M. S. Meadow Branch	\$15.00
W. M. S. Mill Creek	4.00
W. M. S. Marshville	12.00
W. M. S. Macedonia	2.50
W. M. S. Shiloh	5.00
W. M. S. Hopewell	4.50
W. M. S. Monroe, 1st church	86.00
Sunbeams, Monroe	45.00
Royal Ambassadors, Monroe	28.00
Y. W. A., Monroe	25.00
Total	\$228.10

Every society in the Union Asso-  
ciation is entitled to one delegate  
to our annual meeting which will  
be held in Monroe March 26-29. Ac-  
cording to the constitution of the  
W. M. U., if you have contributed  
\$100.00, you are entitled to three  
delegates. Send in the name of  
your delegate at once to Mrs. D.  
B. Snyder, chairman Entertainment  
committee. MRS. F. B. ASHCRAFT.

## Kicke to Death by a Dead Mule.

Boone, March 6.—James Broom,  
who resided at Trade, Tenn., thir-  
teen miles from Boone and just  
across the State line, was kicked to  
death yesterday by a dead mule.

Broom, according to the story  
which is vouched for by reputable  
neighbors, was employed to remove  
a dead mule from the barn of a Mr.  
Grayson and bury it. In placing  
the body on a narrow conveyance  
the stiffened legs of the animal  
caught in one of the standards of  
the conveyance, drawing them close  
up against the body and in attempt-  
ing to remove the body on arrival  
at the burial place, they recoiled  
with great force, striking Broom  
over the heart and killing instantly.

## Sewell-Davis Announcement.

Mrs. J. Frank Laney delightfully  
entertained a number of her friends  
Thursday afternoon. After a pleas-  
ant social hour the guests were in-  
vited into the commodious and art-  
fully decorated dining room. The  
table was a handsome vase of pink  
and white carnations forming the cen-  
ter-piece. An elaborate four-course  
luncheon was beautifully served, the  
pink and white color scheme being  
carried out in every detail.

After the first course, Miss Mary  
Davis offered an appropriate toast  
to Miss Haynes, a visiting friend of  
Winston. After a simultaneous drink-  
ing of an approved beverage to the  
health of Miss Haynes our gracious  
hostess in another toast, cut graciously  
worded, led us step by step up to  
the very unexpected announcement  
of the engagement of her niece, Miss  
Mary Davis to Mr. J. W. Sewell  
whose marriage will take place some  
time in June. This announcement  
came as a surprise to nearly all the  
guests, but served as a reminder of  
the fact that  
"Love rules the court, the fleet, the  
home,  
Rules men below, and saints above,  
For love is heaven and heaven is  
love."

One toast followed another in rapid  
succession, and if the life of the  
bride elect can be influenced by the  
good wishes of her many friends,  
she will indeed be blessed with hap-  
piness and good fortune which she  
so richly deserves.

The guests present were Misses  
Haynes, Mary Davis, Pat Adams, An-  
nie Nelson, Mary Covington, Mes-  
sieurs W. S. Blakeney, E. C. Wil-  
liams, Joe Heath, G. S. Lee, E. W.  
Crow, J. E. Ashcraft, J. M. Blair, J.  
W. Yates, W. C. Heath, H. R. Laney  
Virginia Davis, D. A. Houston.  
Mrs. Laney possesses the rare gift  
of entertaining her friends in a most  
sincere, hospitable manner, and this  
social event will long be remember-  
ed by the fortunate guests.

## Fullenwider Creates a Sensation.

The following is an extract from  
a letter received here: Manager  
McGraw is elated this morning over  
the unexpected discovery of what  
he believes to be a pitching pearl of  
the first water. The name of this  
gem is Phifer Fullenwider, and while  
it is still in the rough, a year of pol-  
ishing in the Big League ought to  
make him a real sparkle in the dia-  
dems of the great twirlers. He is  
sounding pretty strong, but it goes  
just as it lays.

The cause of this elation and un-  
usual praise on the part of McGraw  
is nothing more than a slow ball  
that Fullenwider handed up to the  
batters for three innings with per-  
fect control. Before the practice  
began McGraw told Fullenwider not  
to let himself out but confine him-  
self to control. "I've got a pretty  
good slow one," said Fullenwider.  
"Alright, said McGraw, give it a  
trial, that won't hurt you." Before  
the big fellow had been working ten  
minutes the entire squad of young-  
sters were behind the catcher's  
screen watching the ball wobble up  
to the batter and then drop over the  
heart of the plate. "He's got a  
wonder," yelled Robinson, the train-  
er, and McGraw came out to take a  
look.

It is unusual for ball players to  
express an opinion on the merits of  
a pitcher, but the gang discussed this  
wonderful slow ball in open ad-  
miration. "Where did you get  
that?" asked McGraw. "I've been  
practicing it for two or three years.  
It was my biggest help last season,"  
replied Fullenwider. "Well, stick  
to it my boy and you will find a  
place in the big league. Keep it up  
for a few days and then you can try  
out your speed."

Ball players throughout the coun-  
try have maintained for years that  
Matthewson's success began the mo-  
ment he discovered the slow ball an  
was able to control it. McGraw  
thinks he would do better if he  
would use it more.

It can be understood therefore  
why the Giants' Manager is so en-  
thusiastic over a youngster who  
comes forward with a floater the first  
crack out of the box.

Fullenwider's slow ball is very  
similar to that of Matty's and it  
ought to be just as effective. He  
throws it by placing the ball far  
back in the palm of his hand and  
letting it go without touching the  
tips of his fingers. He puts his  
whole weight into the toss and it  
looks as if he is going to cut loose  
a fast one. The ball comes slowly  
up to the batter without turning  
over, or revolving, and every seam  
can be plainly seen.

"If he has a good fast ball to al-  
ternate with that," declared Robin-  
son last night, "he ought to make  
a wonderful pitcher. He has a curve  
for I have seen it."

## Confesses to Robbing Post Office.

Sam Harkey, white, of Stout, has  
confessed that he robbed the post  
office at Indian Trail last Tuesday  
night, taking therefrom all the mon-  
ey, and all in the cash drawer of the  
store of Mr. Conder, in which the  
post office is kept. On entering  
the door he cut his finger on a  
piece of tin, leaving blood stains,  
and this led to the suspicion that  
caused the arrest by constable  
Starnes. He is in jail awaiting tri-  
al next Thursday, on a charge of  
breaking and larceny, before the  
Recorder, and Esq. M. L. Flow, who  
is a U. S. Commissioner, has issued  
a warrant for his arrest afterwards,  
to be tried by the U. S. courts for  
post office robbery. He got less  
than \$30, and \$25 was recovered by  
the officers.

## WILSON IS THE MAN.

Woodrow Wilson Not Only a Demo-  
crat of Phenomenal Strength But  
the Only One Who Can Win.  
Raleigh News and Observer.

Believing strongly in the prin-  
ciples advocated by Governor Wood-  
row Wilson, and holding that he is  
the only man who can win for the  
Democracy in the ensuing election  
for President, Mr. R. F. Beasley, of  
Monroe, editor of the Monroe Jour-  
nal and the Carolina Democrat gives  
strong reasons why he should be  
the nominee of the Democratic party.  
Mr. Beasley, who is a militant force  
for true Democracy, in expressing  
his views says:

"A dozen years ago Judge Walter  
H. Neal sent me a book by Wood-  
row Wilson, which was my first ac-  
quaintance with this student and  
statesman. The clearness of state-  
ment and the vigor of ideas of that  
book marked to my mind the work  
of a man who was some day to be  
a great force in this country. Since  
then I have been a Wilson man, on-  
ly waiting the time when the cir-  
cumstances and the demands of  
Democracy should press into service  
the master character that was then  
in the course of preparation. Em-  
erson said that the world would  
sooner or later make a beaten track  
to the door of the man who knew  
and did well his job, no matter what  
that work might be nor what the  
situation of the door.

"Cradled in the pure ideals of  
Southern Anglo-Saxon Democracy,  
Woodrow Wilson has all his life  
been a profound student of the  
science of government and the prin-  
ciples of real Democracy, and it is  
not having had the rare opportunity  
of developing his administrative and  
practical abilities in the manage-  
ment of a great university, when he  
was called upon to fight a tremen-  
dous battle in behalf of practical  
Democracy against entrenched priv-  
ilege as insistent for advantage as  
it is in the government of the United  
States, should be revealed to the  
world as the master mind in the in-  
terpretation and application of the  
democracy that is to-day struggling  
to throw off the bandages that priv-  
ilege and short sightedness have  
fastened upon the great democratic  
land, literally while it slept. That  
he is the master of his job, master-  
ful in ideas and ignorant of the  
politic phrases and bickerings of  
mere politicians, explains why the heart  
of democracy, burdened today as  
never before with the longing for  
light and leadership, has turned  
universally to this man of the hour.

"In the light of the breadth, the  
depth, the understanding and the  
sympathy of a man like Woodrow  
Wilson, the effort to tag any man  
"Southern", "Western", or "North-  
ern", seems puerile. The problems  
of Democracy are not sectional, in-  
deed only in a narrow sense, nation-  
al; they are world-wide. The man  
whose vision is too limited to see  
this is no Democrat at all, only a  
partisan, and because Woodrow Wil-  
son is such a man the darts and  
slings of petty warfare have fallen  
harmlessly from his armor and the  
sun of his Democracy day by day  
penetrates deeper and deeper the  
masses of the country. These are  
the fundamental reasons why I am  
for Woodrow Wilson.

"The next reason is that he is the  
only man who can win. No man  
with a local tag can ride the gale  
in the coming crisis. The current  
of rising Democracy is too strong  
and deep to be diverted into sul-  
cus gates and stagnant pools. The  
people will not be deceived. If they  
can't get the genuine article that  
Wilson stands for they will grasp  
at the shadow in the form of Theo-  
dore Roosevelt. With the Demo-  
cratic banner in the hands of a  
real champion it will make little dif-  
ference whether the Republicans  
nominate the progressive counterfeit  
Roosevelt or the genuine standpat  
Taft. Offered the real article, the  
country will take neither of these.  
Offered it will unquestionably take  
one of them. The independent  
minded voters of the North and the  
West will support Wilson, and the  
best observers believe that they will  
support no other Democratic candi-  
date, and without their help we  
shall achieve nothing. The man who  
beattles the accomplishment of  
Woodrow Wilson in wresting the  
State of New Jersey from privilege  
and placing it back in the hands of  
the people simply advertises him-  
self as out of joint with the times  
and will be lost along with the  
stand patters who never notice any  
change in the weather until after  
the cyclone has passed. That re-  
cord has convinced the honest men  
"from Missouri" all over the country  
and if it cannot convince the Demo-  
cratic organization it will be only so  
much the worse for that organization.

"The battle today is for equality  
against privilege, not for party  
against party, or partisan  
against partisan, and the peo-  
ple will follow only that leader  
whose face is set toward the citadel,  
and not on the retreating skirmish  
line. The man and the occasion  
have met the opportunity of the  
Democratic party consists in its ability  
to recognize the fact."

Dr. S. B. Klutz, a retired den-  
tist and a prominent citizen of Al-  
bemarle, died suddenly Friday night  
in his room in the Central Hotel in  
that town. Mr. Julian Smith of  
Monroe had a room opposite that of  
Dr. Klutz and heard the doctor  
moving around as late as 11 o'clock  
Friday night, therefore has death  
must have occurred after that time.

## Wouldn't Dissect the Old Man's Body.

Statesville Landmark.  
A few days ago Edward Benton  
(the name has been printed Ven-  
ton and Denton), a Confederate veter-  
an, died in the Soldiers' Home of  
self-inflicted injuries. He was an  
invalid and despondent and cut an  
artery in his wrist. The old man  
left a will in which he directed that  
his body be given to medical stu-  
dents for dissecting purposes, and  
in accordance with his directions the  
body was shipped to the medical stu-  
dents at the University. Right here  
it may be said that the last legisla-  
ture passed an act directing that  
unclaimed bodies in certain instan-  
ces should be given to medical stu-  
dents for dissecting purposes, but  
the act specially excepts the bodies  
of Confederate veterans and inmates  
of county homes. Republican pa-  
pers have tried to make political  
capital out of this act by alleging  
that the Legislature directed that  
the bodies of paupers be given to  
the medical schools for dissection.  
Having this in mind The Landmark  
was just about to say that notwith-  
standing Benton's body was sent  
to the medical students by his di-  
rection, the incident would be al-  
most certain to figure in the next  
campaign; that it would be charged  
that bodies of Confederate veterans  
were being given to the medical  
schools. But the medical students  
at Chapel Hill rose to the occasion.  
When Benton's body arrived there  
they declined to put it on the dis-  
secting table, holding that the body  
of a soldier should not be used for  
this purpose, notwithstanding he  
had requested it; and they gave the  
body honored burial in the Confed-  
erate plot of Chapel Hill cemetery.  
The sentiment of these medical stu-  
dents does them credit.

Parents of Abandoned Children  
Known.  
Durham Dispatch, 6th, to Charlotte  
Observer.  
The identities of the fathers of  
the two children left on the door-  
steps of W. A. Erwin and E. K.  
Powe in Durham Saturday night, are  
known to the Durham officers. The  
father of one of the children is a  
well known Durham business man  
and the father of the other is a  
Greensboro man. The names of the  
mothers of the children have been  
known to the Greensboro and Dur-  
ham officers for several days. Steps  
are now being taken to have the  
children cared for and the whole re-  
pulsive incident settled in a manner  
that will be for the best interest of  
all persons concerned.

The two foundlings are being car-  
ed for temporarily at the Watts  
hospital until some other disposition  
can be made.  
(If the officers know the names  
why can't they proceed against the  
parties and expose them? Why hush  
up a matter of that kind?—States-  
ville Landmark.)

A Hold Up Game Exposed.  
Before you pay charges on an ex-  
press package again, it might be a  
good idea to make sure the charges  
have not been paid at the other end.  
The extent to which the express  
companies have been robbing the  
people by collecting charges at both  
ends of a shipment, as revealed be-  
fore the Inter-State Commerce  
Commission, is amazing.

In the case of one company alone  
it was shown that it had made 3,-  
000 overcharges in one day and col-  
lected in one year \$67,000 as over-  
charges.

The officer of the company over-  
charging which come to the atten-  
tion of the Inter-State Commerce  
Commission, it is believed that thou-  
sands of shipments are paid for at  
both ends of which the commis-  
sioner never hears, owing to the fact  
that the victims do not know that  
they are being fleeced.

## Roosevelt Forces Challenge Taft

Senator Joseph M. Dixon, chair-  
man of the Roosevelt executive com-  
mittee, has challenged the Taft  
campaign forces "to test by means  
of primaries in every State in the  
Union." Senator Dixon conveyed  
the proposal in a letter to Represen-  
tative William B. McKinley, direc-  
tor of the national Taft bureau.

William B. McKinley tonight sent  
a letter to Senator Dixon asking if  
the proposal were made with the  
authority of Colonel Roosevelt and  
also asking if Senator Dixon were  
acting as chairman of the Roosevelt  
executive committee either by selection  
or authority of the colonel.

Senator Dixon in reply to Mr. Mc-  
Kinley, said:  
"In addressing you I acted as the  
representative of the 'men elected  
by popular vote to stand as the head  
of government in their several  
States,' to whom was addressed Col.  
Roosevelt's letter of February 24.  
Senator Dixon charges that Taft  
forces were seeking to evade the  
issue through the subterfuge of ap-  
pearing to question his authority."  
Mr. Taft's friends seem not to  
want a presidential primary.

Miss Bettie Drake of Ironsboro  
died Friday morning of leucorrea  
at Macedonia, conducted by  
Rev. M. D. L. Preslar. She was  
about 55 years of age and was a  
member of the Methodist church.